LETTERS

FROM

ELIZA to YORICK.

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PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,
MDCCLXXV.

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PREFACE.

THE editor of the elegant and pathetic letters, from YORICK to ELIZA, which have lately made their appearance in the world, says, "It is very much to "be lamented, that Eliza's mo-"deſty was invincible to all the

" publiſher's endeavours to obtain
" her anſwers to theſe letters.

" Her wit, penetration, and judg-
" ment; her happineſs in the epiſ-
" tolary ſtyle, ſo rapturouſly com-
" mended by Mr. Sterne, could
" not fail to furniſh a rich enter-
" tainment for the public — the
" publiſher could not help telling
" her, that he wiſhed to God, ſhe
" really was poſſeſſed of that vani-
" ty with which ſhe was charg-
" ed."

We

We ſhould as ſincerely lament Eliza's invincible modeſty, as the editor of thoſe letters, if we thought her ſenſibility, in that reſpect, would preclude the publication of ſuch valuable compoſitions; or if we imagined that her too ſcrupulous partiality for her particular friends, or in the moſt enlarged idea, the circle of her acquaintance, ought in juſtice to impede the more general gratification of that PUBLIC, who by means of YORICK's letters, addreſſed to her, muſt of courſe become her admirers.

Nor ought Eliza to blame us—the delicate mind is frequently too ſevere to itſelf, and abridges its own merit of that fame, which is juſtly its due.

It is therefore incumbent on the friends of ſuch a being, to break through ſuch partial reſtrictions, and diſobey thoſe orders, which are only the effects of a too timerous ſenſibility.

To diſobey the ſelf-denying rigor of ſuch commands, to put a negitave on ſuch *baſhful delicacy*, if

I may be allowed the expreſſion, is not only friendly, but even meritorious.

Real merit is always modeſt, it ſeeks ſolitude, would pine in ſecret, and ſink unnoticed into oblivion.

Then ſurely that perſon is deſerving of applauſe, or at leaſt the thanks of the public, who draws it from its retirement, brings it to the light for public benefit, and places it in that point of view in which it ought to be conſpicuouſly

ſeen

ſeen, and to ſhine for general imitation, and improvement.

Eliza's only objection to the publication of her letters, was, That ſhe thought, "Although "Mr. Sterne was partial to every "thing of her's, ſhe could not "hope that the world would be ſo "too."

But we will venture to affirm, that the world will not think this argument ought to be deemed ſufficiently ſtrong, to deprive them of ſuch a valuable entertainment:

For

For the excellency of the epiſtles themſelves, and the great deference which ſhould be paid to the judgment of Mr. Sterne, are reaſons more than ſufficient to overturn the objection——And that once fallen, not a ſyllable can be juſtly advanced againſt this publication.

For a character of Eliza's letters, take Mr. Sterne's own words,

" Who taught you the art of " writing ſo ſweetly, Eliza? —

You

" You abſolutely have exalted it
" to a ſcience.

" When I am in want of ready
" caſh, and ill health will permit
" my genius to exert itſelf, I
" ſhall print your letters as *finiſh-*
" *ed Eſſays*, by an *unfortunate*
" Indian *Lady*."

" The ſtyle is new, and would
" almoſt be a ſufficient recommen-
" dation, for their ſelling well,
" without merit :

" But

" But their ſenſe, natural eaſe,
" and ſpirit, are not to be equal-
" led, I believe, in this ſection of
" the globe—nor I will anſwer for
" it, by any of your country-women
" in your's."

Then what a crime would the poſſeſſor of ſuch literary jewels, ſuch a mental treaſure, have been guilty of, in ſecluding it from the public, and, like the miſer, locking that from the light, which generouſly diffuſed, muſt be pleaſing, and uſeful to all.

Nothing but her native diffidence could have induced Eliza to have entertained the leaſt idea of being ſo unkind, or of wiſhing her friends to be ſo ſelfiſh.

The curioſity of the public is raiſed by the publication of Yorick's letters —— it ought to be gratified with the counterpart.

Nay, the lady's *fame* is concerned——it is neceſſary that her anſwers ſhould be publiſhed——it is neceſſary to ſecure her reputation from the ſmalleſt ſhadow of cenſure,

ſure, to evince before the face of the world, that her ideas were not leſs pure than her *Bramin*'s.

The publication of the following letters will prove, that her expreſſions, tho' as animated, were no leſs ſcrupulouſlly delicate than her Yoricks:

And likewiſe, that Platoniſm, ſo much ridiculed, ſo long thought a chimera, may exiſt, and even with the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility, and warmeſt imagination.

Though Eliza was too diffident of her abilities, or nice in her ideas, to oblige the public with her letters to Yorick, yet ſhe indulged many of her friends with copies of them — theſe again gratified many within the circle of their acquaintance with the ſame favor.

And thus they, in fact, became publiſhed; unleſs the word ſignifies, nothing without being applied to what iſſues from the preſs only.

Thus

Thus we can only claim the merit of giving a more fair, convenient, and general edition of theſe elegant epiſtles, of which we received correct copies from a lady, not more dignified by her rank in life, than elevated by her underſtanding.

She gave us leave, if we thought proper, to uſe her name—but we declined it, thinking the letters ſufficient to recommend themſelves, and the beſt teſtimonies in their own favor:

Agreeable

Agreeable to Mr. Sterne's opinion, concerning Eliza's picture,

"I requeſted (ſays he) that you "would come ſimple and unadorned, when you ſat for me, knowing, as I ſee with unprejudiced eyes, that you could receive no addition from the ſilk-worm's aid, or jeweller's poliſh."

Thus

Thus we ſend Eliza's anſwers to Yorick's epiſtles into the world, without any recommendation, except their own intrinſic merit.

LETTERS

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FROM

ELIZA to YORICK.

My Bramin,

I RECEIVED your Sentimental Journney—your imagination hath ſtrange powers—it has awakened feelings in my heart, which I never knew I poſſeſſed—You make me vain—you make me in love with my own ſenſibility—

I bedewed your pathetic pages with tears—but they were tears of pleaſure—my heart flowed through my eyes—every particle of tenderneſs in my whole frame was awakened.—

You take the ſureſt method to improve the underſtanding—you convince the reaſon, by touching the ſoul.—

Sure the greateſt compliments an author can receive, are the ſighs and tears of his readers—ſuch ſincere applauſe I amply gave you.

I beg, if you value me, that you will not flatter me—I am already too vain—and praiſe from a man of ſenſe is dangerous.

I am in the utmoſt extent of the word, your

Cordial friend,

—ELIZA.

MY BRAMIN,

IT is with pleaſure I inform you, that I am better—becauſe I believe it will give you pleaſure.

You tell me, " A friend has the ſame right as a phyſician."

Then you may claim a double right —you are my friend, and phyſician, the moſt valuable of phyſicians, the phyſi- of my mind—come then, and bring the beſt of cordials—the cordial of ſenti- ment—if thy converſation does not era- dicate my diſorder entirely—it will make me forget that I am ill—I ſhall feel no pain while you are preſent.

To wiſh to ſee you—you find is the intereſt, as well as deſire of,

Ten o'clock.

ELIZA.

KIND

KIND YORICK,

I PERUSED your epiſtle, as I always do, with infinite pleaſure — I am charmed with your account of that worthy nobleman, lord Bathurſt — half a ſcore of ſuch as him would make old age amiable, redeem it from the character of moroſſneſs, and render it the moſt deſirable period of life.

The company his lordſhip has kept, and the friendſhips he has courted, ſufficiently evidence his underſtanding—the manner of his introducing himſelf to you, at the Princeſs of Wales's Court, is enough to render his name reſpectable.——

I am obliged to his lordſhip for his good opinion of me, though I only ſhone like the moon with borrowed light—I cannot merit his encomiums—they are not due to myſelf; but to my picture, as drawn by your brilliant imagination—your kind fancy was the ſun, that gave me the light, which his lordſhip admired. ——

You ſpeak with ſeraphic truth, when you ſay, heaven gives us ſtrength, proportioned to the weight it lays upon us—I have experienced it—for I found fortitude encreaſe with my illneſs—and as my health decayed, my dependance upon providence grew ſtronger. ——

But I am better—thank heaven—you bid me hope every thing—I do—hope

is the balm of my ſoul, the kind ſoother of my anguiſh upon all occaſions.——

The time approaches for my departure from England—I could wiſh you to be of the voyage—your converſation would ſhorten the tedious hours, and ſmooth the rugged boſom of the deep. I ſhould find no terrors from the wavering elements, nor dread the dangers that ſurrounded my floating priſon.——

Yet why ſhould I wiſh to call you from your peaceful retirement, and domeſtic happineſs—to truſt the precarious elements, and ſeek an inclement ſky—cruel thought Eliza, be content to bear thy Yorick's image in thy mind—and to treaſure his inſtructions in thy heart—then thou wilt be properly ſuſtained againſt the changes of torture, and dangers of the deep—then thou wilt be in the true ſenſe of the expreſſion, Yorick' Eliza—.

KIND YORICK.

MY nerves are ſo weak, and my hand trembles ſo much, that I am afraid this ſcrawl will hardly be intelligible—I am extremely ill—indeed I am.——

I am obliged to exert myſelf to write this—preſent my kind reſpects to Mr. and Mrs. James—they are in my heart—they occupy a ſhare of my cordial friendſhip, with my Bramin—may heaven preſerve you all from experiencing the anguiſh my poor weak being is oppreſſed with.——

But think not Yorick that I complain—no—

Boun-

Bountiful heaven, I thank thee for my afflictions—thou chaſtiſeth me for my good—my poor vain heart had wandered from the thoughts of futurity—thou haſt brought it back, and fixed its attention to the point where it ought to dwell—O keep me from the ſin of repining, and give me ſtrength to bear my afflictions with patience.

The family of the ***s have been with me—they are truly amiable beings—I admire them greatly—they were extremely afflicted at my ſituation—I believe they felt for me—I am ſure they regard me.

I am taken with a ſtrange dizzineſs—I can ſay no more, adieu.

ELIZA.

My Bramin,

I FIND myſelf rather better to-day, my head is eaſier.

Accept my grateful thanks — make them acceptable to Mr. and Mrs. James— for the concern you have all had upon my account — my overflowing heart thanks ye—though my expreſſions are too weak to deſcribe its feelings.

You have certainly been miſinformed —I cannot think the * * * family really merit the aſperity with which you mention it—I cannot think ill of any being, without having had ſome occaſion—I would not wiſh to live a ſlave to ſuſpicion—that were to be miſerable indeed— I am ſenſible, my Bramin would not con-

conceive a hard opinion of any one, without ſome grounds—but he may have been deceived—his good heart may have been too open to the deſigning—and the *** s miſrepreſented.

I muſt be exceedingly troubleſome to you—I want your aſſiſtance to execute a few commiſſions—excuſe your Eliza—ſhe cannot take that freedom—ſhe cannot truſt any perſon elſe.

I muſt intreat, that you would procure directions from Mr. Zumpe, in what manner I am to time my pianoforte—as I deſign it to be my harmonious companion, during the voyage.

I ſhould be glad of about a dozen braſs ſcrews, to put up in my cabin, as conveniences to hang any thing upon.

I muſt have a proper journal book, to amuſe myſelf, in minuting the particulars of my voyage.

An arm chair will likewiſe be uſeful to me.

Be kind enough to ſend any parcel for me to the addreſs of Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal.

Though my health improves, I am not intirely at eaſe in my mind—but let me not give pain to the heart that feels too much for me.

My warmeſt affections to Mrs. James, —ſhe is a dear creature—my reſpects to Mr. James—heaven bleſs them both—may the ſmiles of health and proſperity attend them.

God

God is my eternal friend, to him I look for protection, and while I breathe the air of mortality, my regards are on you—you are my adviſer—my monitor—my better genius—may our reciprocal affections continue pure and unchanged, till the diſſolution of our frail beings—and if an intercourſe is allowed between the ſpirits of the departed, may we enjoy that exalted—that refined, etherial rapture—which the ardent ſeraphims know, while glowing with the emanations of their eternal Creator.

Mayeſt thou enjoy uninterrupted happineſs, till the angel of death wings thee to the regions of bliſs,

Adieu,

ELIZA.

Dear

Dear BRAMIN,

THIS is my birth day—I am twenty-five years of age—yet years, when paſt, ſeem but as ſo many hours—the moments of anguiſh are the only portions of time, which we can count—we feel their weight—they paſs tediouſly by—we blame them for being tardy, tho' their ſpeed continually takes from the ſpace of our exiſtance—But how fleeting are the moments in which we enjoy ourſelves — they ſteal unperceived away, and all our pleaſures are but ſhort-lived dreams.

To the mind debaſed by vice, or clouded by doubts, how dreadful muſt the

the rapidity of time appear—when every minute takes from their much-loved exiſtance, and leads them to be

" They know not what, they know not " where—or what is worſe, ſinks them " into nothing! Yet even that nothing " appears terrible." Such is the Sceptic's ſituation.

But to a ſoul fond of virtue, and ſecured by faith, time's ſwift wings give not a moment's anguiſh—The good wiſh to get rid of the incumbrance of clay, and the pains of mortality, they pant for a diſſolution—time ſeems an enemy, who bars their ſpeedy paſſage to that deſirable felicity, which is only to be found in the regions of *bliſs*.

The

The time I have paſt is nothing—it is now not mine—it is but a blank juſt ſtamped upon the memory.

Then let me prize what yet remains behind—let me learn foreſight from paſt miſcarriages, and riſe to future virtues from former follies—may each revolving ſun ſee me encreaſe in wiſdom, and ſhine on ripening virtues, till I am fitted for that ſtate which is all purity.

I bow before my afflictions with reſignation, and thank the bountiful Author of nature, for ſending me ſuch uſeful monitors.

" Virtue rejoice, tho' heaven may frown awhile,
That frown is but an earneſt of a ſmile;

One

One day of tears preſages years of joy,
Misfortunes only mend us, not deſtroy;
Who feel the laſhes of an adverſe hour,
Find them but means to waft them into
(pow'r."

May heaven bleſs my friends and enemies, and give me peace of mind.

ELIZA.

☞ The above letter was either never anſwered, or the anſwer is loſt.

LET me ſee your journal, at leaſt ſend a copy of it, before I leave England—for far, far off be the time deſtined for its deſcending to me as a legacy—I ſhall be happy to peruſe the ſorrowful pages, they humanize the heart—I feel as you felt, when I read what you pen—and that is to feel with the moſt refined ſenſibility.

The ſympathy of Sentiments beſtows the moſt inexpreſſible pleaſures—ſuch ſorrows are ſorrows to be covered—when your page compels the tears from my eyes, and makes my heart throb—I will ſay, Here my Bramin wept—when he penn'd this paſſage, he wept—let me catch the pleaſing contagion from each heart-

heart-felt ſentence, and bedew the leaf with mutual ſtreaming ſorrows.—

—Then will I turn to the chearful effuſions of thy imagination—then will I revel in the bright ſallies of thy wit, and calm the pathetic perturbations of my ſoul with thy inimitable humour—the big tear ſhall no longer tremble in my eye—the tender anguiſh ſhall no longer heave my heart, but Yorick ſhall heal the ſorrows the Bramin gave.

Such delectable amuſements ſhall gild the tedious hours of my paſſage—and by Yorick's aſſiſtance, I ſhall fancy India but half the diſtance from England that it really is.

A kindly ſomething you promiſe, by every poſt—then be aſſured I ſhall never

wave my hand to ſtop the ſilent meſſenger, but with open arms receive it.

I am conſiderably better; and, thank heaven, am inſpired with a fortitude, which I hope renders me worthy of the name of your diſciple, of your friend.

My accomodations are tolerable — I cannot complain.

You ſay you ſhall ſee me at Deal with the Jamess, ſhould I be detained there by contrary winds.

It has been my Petition, ever ſince to the ſupreme Being, to intereſt the elements in my behalf, that I may once more be indulged with the ſight of my friends.

Thus

Thus while the captain, the crew, and the other paſſengers, are wiſhing for a favourable gale, I am importuning the heavens to deny their prayer, and ſtill to detain the veſſel from her proceeding on her deſtined voyage.

I will not give my opinion concerning my reſemblance on canvas, in the various ſtyles, deſired by my friends — I ſat to oblige them—and would not on any account obtrude a diſſenting ſtricture on their judgment.

But of this they may reſt aſſured, that however the pictures may appear, the original is their's.

You ſay, when you firſt ſaw me, the mode of my dreſs (the faſhionable) diſfigured me.

I thought ſo myſelf—but wore it in compliance with the reigning taſte — there is no pride ſo ſtrong as that which is couched under an affected ſingularity.

Above all things, I would not wiſh to appear ſingular; that is, to be eſſentially abſurd.

When I conſider the diſtinguiſhed friendſhip, with which you honour me, and reflect on that purity of affection which hath intereſted you in my moſt trivial concerns, and engaged you to devote your precious moments to my ſervice—I cannot but glory in the compliment you pay me—in ſaying, "You "are not handſome Eliza—nor is yours "a face that will pleaſe a tenth part of "your beholders."

How happy am I not to owe your attachment to frail and fading beauty—but to ſentiment alone.

The compliment is the ſtrongeſt I ever in my life received, or wiſh to receive—it is not compoſed of common place flattery, nor paid to the ſimple features of a face—it is genuine applauſe—it is paid to the head—to the heart.

Yet I muſt not indulge any vanity, ſo far as to take it in its full force to myſelf—you rather draw me as you are prejudiced in my favour, and partial to my defects.

Yet will I often look on my picture as finiſhed by your hand—I am perſuaded it is what I ought to be—I will ſtrive to come up to the colouring, in order to be

as perfect as my nature will admit, or perhaps as Providence deſigned I ſhould be, during this ſublunary probation.

You mention my huſband, that dear name has made the tide of my blood ebb tumultuouſly towards my heart—I turn my imagination towards India—ſigh at the diſtance, and could almoſt unſay all that I have ſaid in the former part of my letter.

But why ſhould I revoke a ſingle ſentence, or wiſh to recall one ſentiment—are not love and friendſhip equally ſacred—then learn, Eliza, to keep them both inviolate—to be worthy of ſuch a huſband—ſuch a friend!

Yes, my Yorick, my huſband could grant thee my company—if it could be

of

of ſervice to thee, whilſt thou waſt continuing thy ſentimental journey — he would not deprive mankind of the improvement and pleaſure thou art capable of giving them, by denying thee any thing.

Say no more of the ****s—I yield to your ardency—I give up every thing to your friendſhip—but quit the ingrateful ſubject — I will not write to them any more.

I ſhall impatiently expect your promiſed letter to-morrow.

Farewell, thou beſt of men, and ſincereſt friend — may heaven protect thy buſy hours, and guard thy more ſecluded moments,

Adieu.

Eight o'clock,
Morn.

F.

MY BRAMIN, Deal.

I HAVE received the box—you have taken a deal of trouble—my heart feels your kindneſs, and overflows with gratitude.

The ſhip I am to ſail with is extremely neat—my cabbin is convenient, but ſmall — it is to be painted white — ſo I ſhall be obliged to land, in order to accommodate myſelf with a lodging.—I ſhall therefore expect, by every poſt, a continuance of the happineſs which the effuſions of my Bramin's fancy, and his preceptive ſentiments always give me.

May heaven continue your health for the benefit of mankind, and to bleſs Eliza, ſince the effuſions of a friendſhip, at once ſo delicate and rational, are the moſt ſalutary pleaſures that can be felt by the ſenſibility of

ELIZA.

My Yorick,

I Hope your fears, reſpecting my health, on account of my cabin being new painted, will prove groundleſs.—But as it will give my Yorick pleaſure—I promiſe to take care of myſelf, particular care for his ſake.

I have received your letters with heart-felt ſatisfaction—I received them, and have arranged them in chronological order, as you directed me — I found no difficulty in doing it, as the dates ſupplied any deficiency in the numbering.

I have put them under a cover—I will wear them next my heart—they ſhall, indeed, be my refuge—my kind ſilent moniters—I will peruſe them with reverence,

ence, and obey them with reſpect—I have already treaſured them in my memory, and experienced their efficacy.

While they are animated by knowledge and truth, thy honeſt heart appears in every line, and makes them glow with ſenſibility.—Mine reverberates to every ſentence, and ſympathizes with thine.—I return thy aſſerveration with equal ſincerity, and imprecate the ſame wrath, if my candour is not equal to thine.

You ſay, "If thou art debarred by "the elements, which hurry thee away, "I will write one (a letter) for thee, and "knowing it is ſuch an one, as thou "wouldſt have written—I will regard it "as my Eliza's."

Do, my Yorick, when I have left the Britiſh ſhore—while I am combating the the uncertainty of the boiſterous elements —when I can no longer behold the white cliffs of thy native land, a land happy in thy birth, do write a letter for thy Eliza —Stretch thy imagination to its utmoſt extent—fancy all that is tender, delicate, kind and pure—fancy the moſt ſeraphic affection, and believe the powers of thy imagination cannot exceed the dictates of my heart.

You ejaculate, "May we be happy, "and meet again—if not in this world, "in the next."

I extend the petition, "May we again "meet, both here and hereafter."

ELIZA.

KIND YORICK,

I AM very happy in the company of Miſs L——t, ſhe is an amiable and deſerving young lady.—I am thoroughly ſatisfied that ſhe is to ſail with me.

There is to be of the voyage a military officer in the company's ſervice—He yeſterday intruded upon us to tea—I did not chuſe to ſhew any reſentment—I rallied him, I told him, That boldneſs was certainly one of the principal requiſites in a ſoldier.

He excuſed his incivility, without confeſſing it with a good grace.

He ſeems to be greatly taken with Miſs L——t, —I dare engage that before

fore we have ſailed together the ſpace of a fortnight, he will be in love with her.

The paſſengers I am to ſail with are genteel people, and the officers behave with politeneſs and decorum.

My Yorick, my friend, divides my thoughts with the dear name that duty binds me to.—I often dream of you—remember me in your prayers—think of me waking, and let me like an illuſion, ſteal through your fancy, while you ſleep—I am yours—Iam yours.

Adieu, adieu.

ELIZA.

P. S. As my ſtay will be ſo ſhort, at leaſt in all probability, take every opportunity to write to me—adieu.

My Tristram,

I WOULD oblige you in any thing practicable—with any thing within the line of my duty—but it is impoſſible to poſtpone my voyage—my orders are irrevocable—I muſt ſubmit.

Mr. B— did not exaggerate—but I am better—my children I therefore hope will not be orphans—but I thank thee, however, for the generoſity of thy idea concerning them—it was exalted.

Indeed you have been miſinformed concerning my huſband's temper—he is not of that parſimonous diſpoſition which you imagine.—If my expences only were in queſtion, I might continune to breathe the

the air of Europe—but more tender conſiderations urge him to preſs my return to India—I am not made a pecuniary ſacrifice.

You allow I owe much to my huſband—I follow but the dictates of my duty to diſcharge that debt—the moſt ſacred debt of which we know, and contracted in the moſt ſolemn manner.

I confeſs much is due to appearances, and the opinion of the world, yet not to wrong thoſe appearances, and that opinion—not to take from what is due to myſelf, I would, if circumſtances permitted, I would indeed turn from Deal to pay what is due to friendſhip.

You ſhould preſcribe for me—but not

corporeally—let thoſe do it whoſe buſineſs it is—let them have their perquiſites, and fatten on the anguiſh of the valetudinary, while my Yorick aſſumed to himſelf the nobler taſk of preſcribing to the mind, and eradicating the diſorders of the ſoul—that is the taſk he can perform unrivaled, and for which heaven peculiarly deſigned him, and lent his talents to benefit an unfeeling—a depraved world.

May thy wife and daughters be better employed, than in adminiſtring to the anguiſh of thy Indian——may they be the means and partakers of thy domeſtic happineſs—if they felt as I feel, they would think every toil a pleaſure which gave thee comfort.

I cannot think, let phyſicians preſcribe

as

as they pleaſe, that change of place could relieve me — I have tried it from one ſide of the globe to the other, without ſucceſs—therefore Britain, and thy converſe would certainly prove as efficacious, as the air of France and Naples—but my continuance here will be impoſſible.

Anguiſh of mind, as you juſtly intimate, perhaps, proceeding from too great a degree of ſenſibility, and being conſtitutionally ailing, will, in my caſe, baffle the preſcriptions of art, and the experience of the moſt able phyſicians.

You ſay, "There is a dignity in venerable affliction, which will not allow "it to appeal to the world for pity or redreſs."——You ſpeak from my heart,

you have taken my ſentiment—oh! may I never be compelled to ſeek redreſs from the world, or be ſo unfortunate as to merit indiſcriminate pity.

If I am pitied—let it be by thee!—Yet I would not wiſh thee to pity any thing.

Thy worthy heart is ſo tender, that I am ſenſible, ſhouldſt thou have occaſion to pity any one, that thy anguiſh would be more ſevere than that felt by the object of thy ſenſibility.—I would wiſh none but the flinty breaſted to feel pity, and they are incapable of it.

But you grow merry—you aſk, If ever I ſhould become a widow (heaven avert the hour!) whether I would marry again? Whether I would give my hand to ſome rich Nabob. I

I think I never ſhould give my hand again—as I am afraid my heart would not go with it.——But as to Nabobs, I deſpiſe them all—thoſe who pretend to be Chriſtians, I mean.

Have they not depopulated towns—laid waſte villages, and deſolated the plains of my native country?——Alas! they have fertilized the immenſe fields of India, with the blood of its inhabitants—they have ſacrificed the lives of millions of my countrymen to their inſatiable avarice—rivers of blood ſtream for vengeance againſt them—widows and orphans ſupplicate heaven for revenge.

Then can thoſe ſpirits, who have waded through blood, to gain riches and power, be congenial with the ſoul of Eliza,

Eliza — could Yorick's hapleſs Indian bear the idea of an union with the murderers of her countrymen—no—ſhame and poverty be firſt my portion.

Riches, as the origin of luxury, and ſupport of the gaudy trappings of pride, I contemn.——Gold is beneficial only in the hands of virtue, when the benevolent hand is extended to petitionary diſtreſs—or when ſoft-eyed humanity ſeeks the cottage of affliction to

"Shine its ſuperfluity away"—

to diffuſe its bleſſings around, and bid the big tear of joy ſtart from the eye of ſorrow, and trickle down the woe-wan cheeks that begin to glow with the warmth of gratitude.

Yes, my Bramin, were I a widow—

and

and thou a widower—I think I would give my hand to thee, preferable to any man exiſting—I would unite in the purity of heart, with my moniter—I would wed thy ſoul—my mind ſhould adopt thy ſentiments, and become congenial with thy own, and

(refine,

" My rough genius ſhould at length
Acquiring worth by imitating thine ;
With thee I'd wander o'er the hiſtoric
(page,
And view the changing ſcenes of every age.
Or led by thee, the lateſt tracts explore
Of grave philoſophy's extenſive lore ;
Or now reclin'd in the Sylvean bow'r,
With peaceful bards, enjoy the bliſsful
(hour."

What matter deſparity of years, reſpecting the mortal part ; the ſoul, that

ray

ray of immortality, is always young; and I am certain, thy ſoul is more vigorous than what the generality of mankind can boaſt.

If any part of thee is old, it is the moſt inſignificant.—The moſt valuable part is in all the vernal bloom of youthful prime.

A great poet ſays,

"For love no certain cauſe can be aſſign'd,
'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind."

And may not I improve the idea—may not I ſay,

(waſte,
Why ſhould one thought on years unequal
Love's not in age, but in the lover's taſte;
If time towards the grave the body bring,
The ſoul ſhines forth in all the charms of
(ſpring.

Then

Then let not frail corruption touch my heart,
I claim the ſoul, and love th'immortal part.

But rhapſody aſide—I hope Mrs. St—ne will out-live every idea of ſuch an union —you ſay, She has ſold all the provinces in France—I am glad of it—that ſhe may the ſooner purchaſe the fee ſimple of her health in her native air.

However, I honour thy ſlipper, and really prefer it to any aſſociation with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young—but I would not have Mrs. S——ne put it off too ſoon, for the ſake of thy domeſtic happineſs.

Without joking, I am ſeriouſly, and with ſincerity, in the utmoſt purity of affection, thine moſt unalterably,

ELIZA.

P. S. My heart will beat with impatience for an anſwer—be expeditious to eaſe its throbbings,

ELIZA.

My Bramin,

THIS is the laſt letter thou wilt receive from me, while I am within ſight of the Britiſh ſhore—the land of freedom, and benevolence——the land which to its own glory be it ſpoken, gave my Yorick being.

I was terrified when I opened your laſt letter—your illneſs gave me the moſt genuine concern.

To break a blood veſſel in thy breaſt —dreadful! —— I was alarmed at the intelligence, and my blood thrilled in my veins, and curdled near my heart, when I read it.

O that my India handkerchiefs had been ſtyptic, to give thee eaſe.—— I was happy to read you had ſlept — but your dream—heaven render it improphetic—heaven keep me from the painful office of adminiſtering to your diſſolution.

Thy tears I will treaſure in my bottle, or at leaſt, I will weep for thee—fill it with my tears, and call them thine, as they are unfeignedly ſhed upon thy account.

Your imagination images to my feelings — you behold me in fancy in the very ſupplicating poſture I ſhould aſſume, were I near you—I ſhould embrace! embrace! your knees, and look as if I bade you be of comfort—for I ſhould only look—I ſhould be unable to ſpeak.

I join with thee in bleſſing the child of thy heart—thy Lydia.

And all praiſe be given to that bountiful Being, who has healed thy diſorder, and ſtopped thy bleeding—who bade thee again "feel the principle of life "ſtrong within thee."

All will certainly terminate to our hearts content—to think otherwiſe, is to entertain an ill opinion of an omnipotent Being—who is all wiſe—all merciful, and all good, whoſe benignity is equal to his power, and both are unbounded.

You may inquire, who taught me the art of writing—it was even my Yorick! —if I have any claim to merit—if my ſtyle is, as you are pleaſed to ſay, new—if the eaſe and ſpirit of my compoſitions

are

are not to be equalled—the praiſe is entirely due to yourſelf.

I have taken the utmoſt pains to ſteal your ſentiments—your manner—the delicacy of your expreſſions—the eaſy flow of your thoughts—the purity of your diction—in fine, I have in my writings aimed as much as poſſible to be Yorick.

But I cannot think my ſtyle equal to what your prejudice in my favour perſuades you it is—I can perceive, manifeſt faults in my compoſitions myſelf—I am not laying a trap for future plaudits, indeed I am not. — I beg that our correſpondence may be from the heart, not of the heart—therefore no compliments.

I muſt, however, chide—I muſt, my Yorick — for ſhewing my letters — you tell me, You have ſhewn them to Mrs. B——, and to half the literati in town — indeed you have been to blame — ſo to expoſe your Eliza's weakneſs.

She bares her heart to thee—ſhe lays it entirely open — but ſhe would not have it ſhewn ſo naked to every one in the fullneſs of her ſincerity—many things may ſlip from her unſpecting pen, which ſhe would not have known to any one, who could not, like thee, make great allowances in her favor—and pardon the weakneſs of her nature.

You ſay, " You cannot imagine how " many admirers your epiſtolary pro- " ductions have gained you."

Falſe

False flattery — their encomiums are illusive—it is to you their compliments are paid—they find you are blind to my errors—they perceive you implicitly admire all that come from me—they pretend to coincide with your opinion, not to give you any uneasiness—they admire — they reverence you — they will not mortify you, by declaring that any being you are pleased to think perfect, is not so.

It is the respect due to the merits of my Yorick, that occasions the many compliments paid to the trifling deserts of his Eliza.

We are in the Downs—the wind is fair — we shall sail this evening — the captain has just informed me so—I therefore

fore took this opportunity to pour the effuſions of my heart to thee in haſte.

Farewell, worthieſt of men—feeling being, thou art all ſentiment—farewell —I will—I will cheriſh the remembrance of thee—you tell me how you eſteem me —how affectionately you love me—what a price you ſet upon me.

I eſteem thee with equal ardor—I love thee with equal affection—I prize thee as ardently—let me be ever dear to thy heart—and an inhabitant of thy memory.

I will *reverence myſelf* for my Yorick's ſake—I will, my Yorick, who is my friend for ever.

I will ſing thy little ſtanza to Hope in my matin, and evening oriſons — yet I cannot help deploring our ſepation.

Farewell, my Bramin — my faithful monitor, Farewell.

May proſperity attend thee, and peace crown thy days with felicity.

Thine affectionately,

Thine everlaſtingly,

Adieu, adieu, adieu,

ELIZA.

P. S. I will, if poſſible, write by ſome ſhip bound to England.

FINIS.

P. S. I will, if possible, wait by some
Ship bound to England.